The WEEKLY REGISTER: OR, UNIVERSAL JOURNAL.

LONDON, SATURDAY, November 30, 1734. NUMB. CCXLIX.

To the Author of the WEEKLY REGISTER.

Concluſion of the Criticiſm on Fletcher's *Tragedy of* Thierry *and* Theodoret.

SIR,

MY laſt ended with the Scene, *Thierry*'s Attempt to murder his Wife, according to the Imagination of the Magician, and Artifice of *Brunhalt* his Mother: Your Readers will eaſily recollect, his Repentance of that ſavage Deſign, on diſcovering who ſhe was, and leaving her with *Martel* his Friend: Between whom enſues the following Scene, which was promis'd in my laſt, but omitted for want of room.

Martel, Ordella.

Martel. I ſee you full of Wonder, therefore nobleſt
And trueſt amongſt Women, I will tell you
The End of this ſtrange Accident.
Ordella. Amazement
Has ſo much wove upon my Heart, that truly
I feel myſelf unfit to hear, O Sir!
My Lord has ſlighted me.
Martel. O no ſweet Lady!
Ordella. Robb'd me of ſuch a Glory by his Pity
And moſt unprovident Reſpect.
Martel. Dear Lady,
It was not meant to you,
Ordella. Elſe-where the Day is,
And Hours diſtinguiſh Time, Time runs to Ages,
And Ages end the World, I had been ſpoken.
Martel. Where ſhould he then ſeek Children?
Ordella. Where they are
In Wombs ordained for Iſſues, in thoſe Beauties
That bleſs a Marriage-Bed, and make it proceed
With Kiſſes that conceive, and fruitful Pleaſures;
Mine like a Grave, buries thoſe loyal Hopes,
And to a Grave it covets.
Martel. You are too good,
Too excellent, too honeſt; rob not us
And thoſe that ſhall hereafter ſeek Example,
Of ſuch ineſtimable Worthies in Woman,
Your Lord of ſuch Obedience, all of Honour,
In coveting a Cruelty is not yours,
A Will ſhort of your Wiſdom; make not Error
A Tomb-ſtone of your Virtues, whoſe fair Life
Deſerves a Conſtellation: Your Lord dare not,
He cannot, ought not, muſt not run this Hazard,
He makes a Separation Nature ſhakes at,
The Gods deny, and everlaſting Juſtice
Shrinks back and ſheaths her Sword at.
Ordella. All's but Talk, Sir,
I find to what I am reſerv'd, and needful,
And tho' my Lord's Compaſſion makes me poor,
And leaves me in my beſt Uſe, yet a Strength
Above mine own, or his dull Fondneſs finds me,
The Gods have given it to me! [*Draws a Knife.*
Martel. Self-Deſtruction!
Now all good Angels bleſs thee, O ſweet Lady!
You are abus'd, this is a Way to ſhame you,
And with you all that know you, all that love you,
To ruin all you build, would you be famous!
Is that your End!
Ordella. I would be what I ſhould be.
Martel. Live, and confirm the Gods then! live, and be loaden
With more than Olives bear, or fruitful Autumn;
This Way you kill your Merit, kill your Cauſe,
And him you would raiſe Life to; where, or how
Got you theſe bloody Thoughts? What Devil durſt
Look on that Angel Face, and tempt? Do you know
What 'tis to die thus, how you ſtrike the Stars!
And all good Things above? Do you feel
What follows a Self-Blood, whither you venture,
And to what Puniſhment? excellent Lady!
Be not thus cozen'd, do not fool yourſelf!
The Prieſt was never his own Sacrifice,
But he that thought his Hell here.
Ordella. I am counſell'd.
Martel. And I am glad on't, lie I know you dare not.
Ordella. I never have done yet.
Martel. Pray take my Comfort,
Was this a Soul to loſe? Two more ſuch Women
Would ſave their Sex; ſee, ſhe repents and prays,
O hear her! hear her! if there be a Faith
Able to reach your Mercies, ſhe hath ſent it.
Ordella. Now good *Martel* confirm me,
Martel. I will, Lady,
And every Hour adviſe you, for I doubt
Whether this Plot be Heaven's, or Hell's; your Mother
And I will find it, if it be in Mankind
To ſearch the Centre of it: In the mean Time
I'll give you out for dead, and by yourſelf,
And ſhew the Inſtrument, ſo ſhall I find
A Joy that will betray her.
Ordella. Do what's fitteſt;
And I will follow you.
Martel. Then ever live
Both able to ingroſs all Love, and give. [*Ex.*

After this *Martel* acquaints the King with the pretended Suicide of *Ordella*, who, after the moſt pathetical Lamentations for her Loſs, is perſuaded, in order to fulfil the Prophecy, to marry the Daughter of his dead Brother *Theodoret*: But before he can effect it, *Brunhalt*, from the ſame Motives that ſeduc'd her, to lay that Plot for the Life of *Ordella*, gives him a Handkerchief, tainted with a Poiſon of that Quality, that, whoever touch'd their Eyes with it, could never ſleep more.——Let the Naturaliſts determine, whether this is probable, or no, but certainly it has afforded the Poet ſome Circumſtances of Diſtreſs that are both very pathetick and ſurprizing, as will appear in the ſucceeding Quotations.——

Thierry, Phyſicians, &c.

Thier. Tell me,
Can ever theſe Eyes more ſhut up in Slumbers,
Aſſure my Soul there is Sleep? Is there Night
And reſt for human Labours? Do not you
And all the World as I do, out-ſtare Time,
And live like Funeral Lamps never extinguiſh'd?
Is there a grave, and do not flatter me,
Nor fear to tell me Truth; and in that Grave
Is there a Hope I ſhall ſleep? Can I die?
Are not my Miſeries immortal? O!
The Happineſs of him that drinks his Water
After his weary Day, and ſleeps for ever,
Why do you crucify me thus with Faces?
And gaping ſtrangely upon one another,
When ſhall I reſt? [*2 Doct.* O! Sir, be patient.
Thier. Am I not your Patient? Ye can make
Unwholſome Fools ſleep for a guarded Foot-cloth;
Whores for a hot Sin-Offering; yet I muſt crave
That feed ye, and protect ye, and proclaim ye,
Becauſe my Power is far above your ſearching,
Are my Diſeaſes ſo? Can ye cure none
But thoſe of equal Ignorance, dare ye kill me?
1 Doct. We do beſeech your Grace be more reclaim'd,
This Talk doth but diſtemper you.
Thier. Well, I die
In ſpight of all your Potions; one of you ſleep,
Lye down and ſleep here, that I may behold
What bleſſed reſt it is my Eyes are robb'd of:
See! he can ſleep! ſleep any where! ſleep now!
When he that wakes for him can never ſlumber,
Is't not a dainty Eaſe?
[*2 Doct.* Your Grace ſhall feel it.
Thier. O never I! never! the Eyes of Heaven
See but their certain Motions, and then ſleep,
The Rages of the *Ocean* have their Slumbers,
And quiet ſilver Calms; each Violence
Crowns in his End a Peace, but my fixt Fires
Shall never, never ſet! Who's that?
Enter Martel, Brunhalt, Deuitry, Soldiers.

Martel. No Woman!
Mother of Miſchief! no, the Day ſhall die firſt,
And all good Things live in a worſe than thou art,
E're thou ſhalt ſleep, doſt thou ſee him?
Brun. Yes, and curſe him,
And all that love him, Fool! and all that live by him.
Martel. Why art thou ſuch a Monſter?
Brun. Why art thou
So tame a Knave to aſk me?
Martel. Hope of Hell,
By this fair holy Light, and all his Wrongs
Which are above thy Years, almoſt thy Vices,
Thou ſhalt not reſt, not feel what more is Pity,
Know nothing neceſſary, meet no Society,
But what ſhall curſe and crucify thee, feel in thyſelf
Nothing but what thou art, bane, and bad Conſcience,
Till this Man reſt; but for whoſe Reverence
Becauſe thou art his Mother, I would ſay
Whore, this ſhall be, do ye nod? I'll waken ye
With my Sword's Point.
Brun. I wiſh no more of Heaven,
Nor hope no more, but a ſufficient Anger
To torture thee.
Martel. See! ſhe that makes you ſee! Sir,
And to your Miſery ſtill ſee, your Mother!
The Mother of your Woes, Sir! of your Waking!
The Mother of your People's Cries, and Curſes!
Your murdering Mother! your malicious Mother!
Thier. Phyſicians! half my State to ſleep an Hour now;
Is it ſo, Mother?
Brun. Yes it is ſo, Son;
And were it yet again to do, it ſhould be.
Martel. She nods again, ſwing her.
Thier. But Mother,
For yet I love that Reverence, and to Death
Dare not forget you have been ſo; was this,
This endleſs Miſery! this cureleſs Malice!
This ſnatching from me all my Youth together,
All that you made me for, and happy Mothers
Crown'd with eternal Time are proud to finiſh,
Done by your Will?
[*Brun.* It was, and by that Will.
Thier. O Mother! do not loſe your Name, forget not
The Touch of Nature in you, Tenderneſs
'Tis all the Soul of Woman, all the Sweetneſs;
Forget not I beſeech you what are Children,
Nor how you have groan'd for 'em, to what Love
They are born Inheritors, with what Care kept,
And as they riſe to Ripeneſs, ſtill remember
How they imp out your Age; and when Time calls you,
That as an Autumn Flower you fall, forget not
How round about your Hearſe they hang like Penons.
Brun. Holy Fool, [thee,
Whoſe Patience to prevent my Wrongs has kill'd
Preach not to me of Puniſhments, or Fears,
Or what I ought to be, but what I am,
A Woman in her liberal Will defeated,
In all her Greatneſs croſt, in Pleaſure blaſted,
My Angers have been laugh'd at, my Ends ſlighted,
And all thoſe Glories that had crown'd my Fortunes,
Suffer'd by blaſted Virtue to be ſcatter'd,
I am the fruitful Mother of theſe Angers,
And what ſuch have done, read, and know thy Ruin.
Thier. Heaven forgive you.
Martel. She tells you true, for Millions of her Miſchiefs
Are now apparent, *Protaldye*, we have taken
An equal Agent with her, to whoſe Care
After the damned Defeat on you, ſhe truſted.

[Price THREE HALF-PENCE.]

N. B. *Adverti ſements, of a reaſonable Length, are put in this Paper at Two Shillings and Six-Pence each.*

Enter Meſſenger.

The bringing in of *Leonor* the Baſtard
Son to your murder'd Brother; her Phyſician
By this Time is attach'd to that damn'd Devil.

Meſſen. 'Tis like he will be ſo, for ere we came,
Fearing an equal Juſtice for his Miſchiefs,
He drench'd himſelf.

Brun. [He did like one of mine.

Thier. Muſt I ſee theſe Miſeries, no Night
To hide me from their Horrors, that *Protaldye*
See Juſtice fall upon.

[*Brun.* Now I could ſleep too.

Enter Ordella.

Martel. I'll give you yet more Poppy, bring the Lady
And Heaven in her Embraces; give him Quiet
Madam, unvail yourſelf-

Ordella. I do forgive you,
And tho' you fought my Blood, yet I'll pray for you.

Brun. Art thou alive? [*Martel.* Now could you ſleep.

Brun. For ever.

Martel. Go carry her without Wink of Sleep, or Quiet,
Where her ſtrong Knave *Protaldye*'s broke o'th' Wheel,
And let his Cries and Roars be Muſick to her,
I mean to waken her. [*Thier.* Do her no Wrong.

Martel. Nor Right as you love Juſtice.

Bran. I will think,
And if there be new Curſes in old Nature,
I have a Soul dare ſend 'em.

Martel. Keep her waking. [*Exit Brunhalt.*]

Thier. What's that appears ſo ſweetly? There's that Face.

Martel. Be moderate, Lady.

Thier. That Angel's Face. [*Martel.* Go nearer.

Thied. *Martel*, I cannot laſt long, ſee the Soul,
I ſee it perfectly of my *Ordella*,
The heavenly Figure of her Sweetneſs there,
Forgive me Gods, it comes, divineſt Subſtance,
Kneel, kneel, kneel every one, Saint of thy Sex,
If it be for my Cruelty thou comeſt,
Do you ſee her, ho?

Martel. Yes, Sir, and you ſhall know her.

Thier. Down, down again, to be reveng'd for Blood,
Sweet Spirit I am ready, ſhe ſmiles on me,
O bleſſed Sign of Peace.
[*Martel.* Go nearer, Lady.

Ordella. I come to make you happy.

Thier. Hear you that, Sirs?
She comes to crown my Soul: Away, get Sacrifice
Whilſt I with holy Honours.

Martel. She's alive, Sir.

Thier. In everlaſting Life I know it, Friend,
O happy! happy Soul!

Ordella. Alas! I live, Sir,
A mortal Woman ſtill.

Thier. Can Spirits weep too?

Martel. She is no Spirit, Sir, pray kiſs her; Lady,
Be very gentle to him.

Thier. Stay, ſhe is warm,
And by my Life the ſame Lips; tell me, Brightneſs!
Are you the ſame *Ordella* ſtill?

Martel. The ſame, Sir,
Whom Heavens and my good Angel ſtaid from Ruin.

Thier. Kiſs me again.
[*Ordella.* The ſame ſtill, ſtill your Servant.

Thier. 'Tis ſhe, I know her now, *Martel*; ſit down Sweet,
O bleſt and happieſt Woman! a dead Slumber
Begins to creep upon me, O my Jewel!

Enter Meſſenger and Memberge.

Ordella. O ſleep! my Lord.

Thier. My Joys are too much for me.

Meſſen. *Brunhalt* impatient of her Conſtraint to ſee *Protaldye* tortur'd, has choak'd herſelf.

Martel. No more, her Sins go with her.

Thier. Love I muſt die, I faint, cloſe up my Glaſſes.

1 *Doct.* The Queen's faint too, and deadly.

Thier. One dying Kiſs.

Ordella. My laſt, Sir, and my deareſt, and now
Cloſe my Eyes too.

Thier. Thou perfect Woman,
Martel, the Kingdom's yours, take *Memberge* to you,
And keep my Line alive; nay weep not, Lady,
Take me, I go.

Ordella. Take me too, farewell Honour. [*Dies both.*]

Thus I have fulfill'd my Promiſe in giving a ſhort Sketch of this Play.——I have no more to add, but that in ſpite of the many Irregularities it abounds with, and all its flagrant Violations of the dramatical Laws, it is animated with ſome fine Scenes, abundance of noble Images, and many other Marks of a great and maſterly Genius.—— The Character of *Brunhalt*, in particular, is perfect, and would do Honour to any Author in any Language, or any Age.

N. B. *The Poem ſign'd* Timothy Turngruell *is come to our Hands, and ſhall be inſerted in our next.*

SATURDAY, *November* 23.

ON Sunday Evening laſt one Mr. *Taylor* died ſuddenly in *Southampton Buildings*, being near four-ſcore Years of Age, and having been never ſick, blooded, or taken Phyſick in his Life. The Day he died he had eaten heartily at Dinner, and afterwards walk'd twelve Miles, but ſoon after his Return was ſeiz'd with Death, and expir'd inſtantly.

Beef and Mutton bear ſo low a Price at *Smithfield*, that the Graziers declare they are forced to ſell fat Cattle as cheap as they bought them in lean; ſo that the Grazing Farms muſt abate vaſtly of their Price, or the Tenants can't pay their Rents.

Having preſented our Readers in our laſt Paper with a State of the military Force of the Empire, as the ſeveral Members could raiſe Men, or had them already on Foot, the following is the *Matricula*, or Proportion, which appoints what each ſhall furniſh or pay.

	Horſe	*and Foot, or Florins.*	
The CIRCLE of Auſtria, containing the Emperor's Hereditary Countries,	174	907	5714
Of Weſtphalia, containing Cologn, Liege, East-Frieſland, Oldenburg, Munſter, Oſnabrug, Paderborn, Ravenſberg, Lippe, Cleves, Marck, Bergs, Juliers, &c.	310	2019	8964
Of Lower Saxony, containing Holſtein, Hamburg, Lubeck, Mecklenburg, Lawenburg, Bremen, Lunenburg, Hanover, Magdeburg, &c.	322	1054	8992
Of Upper Saxony, containing the King of Pruſſia's Dominions, Electorate of Saxony, &c.	278	1167	7972
Of the Lower Rhine, containing the Electorates Palatine, Treves and Mentz.	191	886	5828
Of the Upper Rhine, containing Part of the Elector Palatine's Dominions, the Biſhoprick of Worms, Spire, and the Dominions of the Landgrave of Heſſe, &c.	433	1950	12280
Of Franconia, containing Anſpach, Bamberg, Caſtel, Bareith, &c.	249	1219	8100
Of Swabia, containing Baden, Briſgow, Furſtemberg, Conſtance, Wirtemberg, Mindelheim, Augſburg, Ulm, &c.	341	2101	12623
Of Bavaria.	231	1060	6934

But it muſt be remark'd, that the Diet of *Ratiſbon* doubles or triples this Proportion, as Neceſſity requires; and that as each State has it in its Option to ſend Troops, or Money in lieu, ſuch Money is ſtil'd *Roman* Months, from a Cuſtom the Empire antiently had of raiſing 2000 Foot and 4000 Horſe, to attend the Emperor when he went to be crown'd at *Rome*.

Preferment. On Thurſday laſt his Royal Highneſs the Prince of *Wales* declared Col. *John Schutz*, Privy Purſe and Groom of the Bed-Chamber to his Royal Highneſs, Lord Warden of the Stannaries (the Mines and Works where Tin is digged and purified in *Cornwall*) in the room of *Hugh* Viſcount *Falmouth*, deceas'd.

MONDAY, *November* 25.

On Friday in the Evening a Drayman belonging to Mr. *Green*'s Brewhouſe in *Weſtminſter*, going with a Dray of Beer to *Chelſea-College*, had the Misfortune to fall down, and the Wheel going over his Body, killed him on the Spot.

On Saturday laſt the great Cauſe ſo long depending between the Heirs at Law of the late Admiral *Hoſier* and his Widow, was to have come on at the *King*'s-*Bench* Bar; but upon ſome Repreſentations of the Defendant, was put off to *Eaſter* Term.

Laſt Night the Corpſe of *Thomas Lutwyche*, Eſq; one of the King's Counſel learned in the Law, and Member of Parliament for *Agmondeſham* in *Bucks*, (after having been put into an Elm Coffin, and that into another of Lead, and both enclos'd in one cover'd with Black Velvet, on the Lid of which was affix'd a Plate, ſignifying, that he died *November* 18, 1734, aged 61 Years) was carried in great State, &c. from his Houſe in *Lincoln*'s-*Inn-Fields* to the *Temple* Church, and there interr'd between Nine and Ten at Night, near the South-Eaſt Corner, in the ſame Vault with his Wife, who died *March* 1728.

The Ceremony was performed by the Biſhop of *Saliſbury*.

The Pall was ſupported by Sir *John Cheſhire* and Sir *William Chapple*, Knights, Serjeants at Law; *John Willes*, Eſq; Attorney General, and *Dudley Rider*, Eſq; Sollicitor-General, to his Majeſty; *William Forteſcue*, Eſq; Attorney General, and *Robert Pauncefort*, Sollicitor-General, to the Prince of *Wales*.

On Thurſday laſt was preſented to their Majeſties, and the Royal Family at St. *James*'s, *Jane Webb*, the tall Woman, born at *Caſtle Dunnington* in *Leiceſterſhire*, and lately arrived in Town from *Northampton*. She is but 22 Years of Age, and upwards of ſeven Foot high: Their Majeſties were very well pleaſed with the Sight of her.

We have an Account from *Ipſwich*, that a few Days ago Mrs. *Beeſton*, Relict of Dr. *Beeſton*, being in her Chamber with the Door lock'd, fell into the Fire (as ſuppos'd in a Fit) and was ſo terribly burnt, that ſhe died in four or five Hours after, but came ſo far to herſelf firſt, as to make her Will.

On Sunday Night Mr. *Jones*, a Maſter Glover in *Noble ſtreet* near *Cripplegate*, having ſome Friends come to pay him a Viſit, ſeem'd very merry with them, but left them on a ſudden, and went up Stairs and hanged himſelf: He was ſoon diſcover'd and cut down, and a Surgeon immediately ſent for, who opened one of his Veins, but to no Purpoſe, for he was quite dead.

Deaths. On Friday laſt died Lieutenant *Wedderbourn*, of the third Regiment of Foot-Guards, commanded by the Earl of *Dunmore*,——The Rev. Mr. *Widdrington*, Miniſter of the Diſſenting Congregation at *Durham*, died in that City the 16th Inſtant.——They write from *Briſtol*, that laſt Sunday Se'nnight died there, Mr. *George Bridges*, an eminent Quaker and Diſtiller of that City, reputed to be worth upwards of 30,000 l.

Bankrupts. Stephen Yate, late of the Pariſh of St. *Giles's in the Fields*, in the County of *Middleſex*, Dealer in Cattle and Chapman.——*John Clegg*, late of *Spittlefields*, in the County of *Middleſex*, Chapman.——*John Watſon*, of *Bradford*, in the County of *York*, Grocer.——*Richard Green*, late of the City of *Lincoln*, Woolen-Draper.—— *Humphry Jeſton*, of the *Heath*, near *Stourbridge*, in the County of *Worceſter*, Glaſs-maker and Chapman.

TUESDAY, *November* 26.

The following Scheme having been drawn up and peruſed by ſome Members of the Houſe of Commons, has met with their Approbation, and we hear will be laid before the Parliament the next Seſſion, in order for its paſſing into an Act, *viz.* 'That the ſeveral Pariſh Officers in this 'Kingdom ſhall be obliged to take into Cuſtody all ſturdy 'Beggars, Gypſies, Vagrants, or other Perſons without 'Employment, which may be found ſtrolling about their 'reſpective Liberties, and carry them before one of his 'Majeſty's Juſtices of the Peace, who ſhall commit them 'to Priſon till the next Quarter-Seſſions, where if any of 'their Friends, or the Officers of the Pariſh they belong 'to, appear and promiſe to take Care of them for the fu'ture, they ſhall be releas'd; but if they can give no Ac'count of themſelves, they ſhall be ſent over to the new 'Settlements in *America*, &c.' This Scheme is certainly calculated for the Good of the whole Kingdom, and will prevent a great many Robberies, and ſometimes Murders committed, by theſe idle People, who infeſt all the publick Roads in *England*, to the great Terror of the honeſt Traveller, and if they do not ſucceed by Begging, have too often Recourſe to violent Methods.

Yeſterday a Cauſe which has been ſome Time depending between ſome of the Inhabitants of St. *Botolph*, *Aldersgate*, Plaintiffs; and *John Hopkins* and *James Roades*, Churchwardens of the ſaid Pariſh, Defendants; in relation to the Churchwardens Accounts, was heard before the Worſhipful *Humphrey Henchman*, Doctor of Laws, Chancellor of the Dioceſe of *London*; and after a Counſel had been heard on both Sides, the Judge diſmiſs'd the Churchwardens from the ſaid Cauſe, and appointed the next Court-Day to hear Counſels, whether or no he ſhould condemn the Plaintiffs in Coſt of Suit.

Laſt Night came on before the Court of Delegates at *Serjeants-Inn-Hall* in *Chancery-Lane*, for final Determination, the Cauſe of *Hyde* and *Maſon* againſt *Limbury*, relating to the two Wills of *Samuel Maſon* of *Queen-Square*, *Weſtminſter*, Eſq; deceas'd; when after ſeveral learned Arguments of the Counſel on both Sides, the Court thought fit (after a long Conſideration) to confirm the Sentence

given for the first Will in the Prerogative Court of *Canterbury*, in Favour of Mr. *Limbury*.

Yesterday was the fullest Market in *Smithfield* for Cattle that has been known for some Time past, the largest and fattest Oxen sold at 9 d. *per* Stone alive, and the largest and fattest Mutton from 9d. to 10 d.

Mr. *Richard Mead* and Mr. *Thomas Jeffreys*, Purveyors for *Greenwich-Hospital*, have agreed to serve the said Hospital with Beef, Veal, Mutton, Lamb and Pork, for one Year, at 14 d. ½ *per* Stone, the Legs, Shins and Marrow-Bones of the Beef not to be weigh'd in, so that only the prime Part remains.

Death. Yesterday died at *Newington*, *John London*, Esq; formerly Member of Parliament for *Wilton* in *Wiltshire*, a noted *Blackwell-Hall* Factor, and one of the Clothiers of the Army.

WEDNESDAY, *November* 27.

Letters from *Italy* mention, that the *Imperial* Army was advanc'd into the *Cremonese*, very near to that of the Allies; and that the King of *Sardinia* having distributed to his Troops a Quantity of Powder and Ball, after the Rate of eight Charges a Man, his Majesty spoke to them in a very affectionate Manner, and concluded, *My Friends, we have once more Need of your Courage, the Moment is at hand that must decide our Glory or Destruction.*

Those Letters add, that the *Imperial* Army consisted of full 40 000 Men, and that the Generals were fully determin'd to make a decisive Push. The Cry of the *German* Soldiers ran throughout the whole Army, *Die or Conquer.*

Yesterday's Letters from *Naples* advise, that the brave Count *Traun*, Governor of *Capua*, perceiving that the *Spanish* Troops which form the Blockade of that Place were separated by the River *Vulturno*, and having Intimation that the Bridge of Communication had been carried away on the 3d Instant, at Night, by the Rains, he made a Sally the next Morning with 4000 Men; and having placed 6 Pieces of Cannon, charg'd with small Shot, upon Carriages that resembled Baggage-Waggons, the *Spaniards*, surpriz'd at the Novelty of the Design, suffer'd them to advance to their very Front, when on a sudden the Count order'd the Cannon to be fir'd, and the Troops, who had been partly conceal'd behind the Waggons, falling at the same Time upon the Enemy, the Havock they made was inexpressible: Of 1000 *Spaniards* 600 were laid dead on the Spot; the rest threw themselves into the River and swam over, excepting about 50 or 60 who were drowned in the Attempt.

They write from *Madrid*, that all the Discourse there is of a Sort of political Will made by the late Marquis *de la Paz*, sometime Prime Minister and Favourite of the King of *Spain*, in which that Nobleman leaves several Pieces of Advice to his *Catholick* Majesty, and particularly the following, which he says is a more valuable Legacy than the Mines of the *Indies: The Friendship of the Crown of* Great Britain, *says he, spare no Pains to preserve, 'tis of inestimable Price; for whilst* Spain *can enjoy it, she has nothing to fear from all the Powers in the Universe.* 'Tis added, that his *Catholick* Majesty always entertain'd a great Regard for the Marquis, and has probably the same for his Maxim; but it is hop'd however, that no Situation of Affairs would ever make the Friendship of the *British* Court and the King's Allies incompetible, lest his Majesty's Inclinations should be put to too severe a Trial. The Examination into the Depredations complain'd of by the *British* Subjects goes on; but, —— the *Spaniards* always move slow.

Yesterday about Four in the Afternoon, two Gentlemen were attack'd near *Rumford* by two Highwaymen, who robbed them of 72 l. and made off towards *Illford*; but one of the Gentlemen having a Servant with him, pursu'd them, and alarming the Roads, several Persons went to their Assistance, and over-took the Fellows before they came to the Town: The Gentleman's Servant offering to seize one of them, he discharg'd several Pistols at him, but the Balls missed him, and the Rogues were both oblig'd to surrender. One of them is said to be a Distiller in *London*, the other a Person who had formerly a considerable Fortune.

Preferments. His Majesty has been pleased to issue his Conge d'Elire to the Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral Church of *Carlisle*, to elect *George Fleming*, Doctor of Laws, to be Bishop of that See, void by the Death of the Right Rev. Father in God Dr. *John Waugh*, late Bishop thereof.

Marriage. Capt. *Chapman*, of *Northfleet* in *Kent*, was last Week married to Mrs. *Horsmanden*, Sister to *William Horsmanden Turner*, Esq; Member of Parliament for *Maidstone.*

Death. Yesterday died, at his House at *Marybone*, in the 52d Year of his Age, *George Bentley*, Esq; possessed an Estate of 600 l. *per Annum.*

Bankrupt. John James, late of *Abingdon*, in the County of *Berks*, Butcher and Chapman.

THURSDAY, *November* 28.

Yesterday was held a General Court of the Governors of *Christ's-Hospital*, when it was agreed, amongst other Things, to nominate Forty new Governors. It was also unanimously agreed, to accept of a Legacy of Mr. *Samuel Davenport*, lately deceas'd, for a Dinner for the Children of the said Hospital yearly, for ever, of Pork or Veal, on the 8th Day of *March*, or the 23d of *April*, the one being the Accession, and the other the Coronation of her late Majesty Queen *Anne:* And likewise to accept of a Legacy left by Mrs. *Sarah Lorrain*, Widow, deceas'd, for a Dinner of Veal on the 1st of *August* yearly, for ever, for the said Children, the said Day being the Anniversary of the Accession of his late Majesty.

It was likewise unanimously agreed at the said Court, to nominate the Right Hon. the Lord *Monson*, Knight of the *Bath*, for one of the new Governors of the said Hospital.

The late Dutchess of *Portsmouth*, Grandmother to his Grace the Duke of *Richmond*, has given very considerable Legacies to all her Servants. She has left 300 l. Sterling to her Steward, 150 l. to her Master of the Horse, 250 l. to her Woman, 100 l. to her Swiss, and to every Servant in Proportion to the Honour of their Employ. His Grace the Duke of *Richmond* is made Residuary Legatee.

An Order was publish'd at *Paris* the 25th Instant, N.S. explaining that of the 2d of the said Month, relating to the *English*, *Scotch*, and *Irish* in this Kingdom. In this Explanation his Majesty declares, that such of the three Nations, who are either here at present, or may arrive hereafter, whether as Travellers, Artificers, or Servants, shall meet with no Manner of Molestation or Disturbance, but be treated as heretofore; and that only such as are without any fix'd Habitation, Employment, Means of Support, or other visible Prospect, and do not either immediately take on in the *Irish* Regiments, or quit the Kingdom in the Time prescrib'd, which is 15 Days, shall be punish'd as Vagabonds and sent to the Gallies.——

'There seems to be so equal a Mixture of Candour, 'Friendship, and Humanity in these two Orders, that we 'cannot help owning them to be both of a Piece. In the 'first, such *British* Subjects as have no Mind to become 'either Recruits for the *Irish* Regiments, or Slaves for the 'Galleys, are generously allow'd fifteen Days to quit a 'Country, which will not take the best Footman in '*Christendom* much above thirty to traverse from one Side 'to the other: And in the second we find none subject to 'the Denomination of Vagabonds, and the Penalties to 'attend it, but unfortunate Gentlemen, whose Birth will 'not permit them to become Servants, nor their Education qualify them for Tradesmen: But notwithstanding 'the Diligence with which the Provosts and Officers of 'the Short Robe usually execute their Sovereign's Commands, we hope, from the often experienc'd *Bonne Foi* 'and Justice of our dear Allies, that none of our unhappy 'Countrymen are yet in a Chain at *Marseilles*, or condemn'd to the greater Curse of carrying a Musket in any 'of the *Irish* Regiments in *France*, especially since the second Order is dated but eight Days after the Time allowed for their Departure was elaps'd in the first.'

On Tuesday last Mr. *Joseph Polixfen*, an eminent Attorney of *Lyon's-Inn*, shot himself into the Head at his Chambers in the said Inn: He was not dead Yesterday, but the Ball sticks so fast in his Skull, that the Surgeons could not stir it, and its thought he cannot recover.

We hear that Capt. *Chilly*, one of the redeem'd Captives lately arrived from *Barbary*, has had 1500 l. left him by his Brother, who died at *Greenwich* a few Days since.

Elias Turner, Esq; formerly of the Sword-Blade Office, has left by his Will 20,000 l. in *South Sea Annuities*, besides the Reversion of several Estates, for erecting an Hospital for decay'd Merchants. But 'tis believ'd some other Objects must be thought of by the Trustees named in the Will; since it is observable that the Trade of this Nation is in so flourishing a Condition, that there are not decay'd Merchants enough to fill up, according to the Terms of the Endowment, the College on *Black-Heath*, founded by Sir *John Mordaunt*, on the Model of which this is to be form'd.

We hear that a very impudent Butcher of *Rumford* in *Essex*, having insulted the Princess of *Orange* as she passed through that Town in her Return from *Harwich*, by using some indecent Expressions, the Fellow was for his Insolence committed to *Chelmsford* Gaol.

Marriage. Last Monday *Thomas Savage*, Esq; of *Middle Scotland-Yard*, was married to Miss *Westby*, a young Gentlewoman of 12,000 l. Fortune.

Deaths. On Thursday last died in *Warner-street* in *Cold-Bath Fields*, Mrs. *Alice Sandys*, Relict of the late *Windsor Sandys*, Esq; formerly Sheriff for the County of *Gloucester*.——A few Days ago died Mrs. *Bere*, Relict of *Thomas Bere*, Esq; Member of Parliament for *Tiverton* in *Devonshire.*

FRIDAY, *November* 29.

We have certain Advice from *Dover*, that on Wednesday Night last her Royal Highness the Princess of *Orange* went on board the *Fubbs* Yacht, soon after she had supp'd; and that the Captain intended to sail at Six o'Clock Yesterday Morning, hoping to get over to *Calais* that Tide: That her Royal Highness was in good Health and very chearful, and would often walk down to the Port and take a View of the Harbour: And that she had gain'd the Love and Esteem of all the People there by her Affability and engaging Behaviour.

Yesterday being the last Day of Term several Persons appeared at the *King's-Bench* Bar on their Recognizances, for several Misdemeanors; some whereof were continued, and others discharged.

The same Day a young Gentlewoman of the City of *Westminster* came into the said Court, and exhibited Articles of the Peace against her Husband, for several Abuses, wherein she declar'd upon Oath, that she had been his Wife for some Years; that she brought him a very plentiful Fortune, and was likewise by him the Mother of several Children; notwithstanding which he beat and abus'd her, brought a Woman of ill Fame into the House, by whom he had two Children, and oblig'd the Wife to do all the Drudgery and act as a Servant to the said Woman; whereupon the Court, upon the Husband's not procuring Sureties for his good Behaviour, committed him Prisoner to the *King's-Bench.*

On Wednesday the Subscribers for the Loan of 500,000 l. lent to the Emperor, receiv'd proper Instruments from Count *Kinski*, his Ambassador at this Court, for the Security of Payment of the said Sum.

The King of *Prussia* has sent Orders to his Envoy now residing here, to contract for a very considerable Quantity of Shoes, to the Number of 2000 Pair, which are directly to be sent over thither with a large Quantity of Leather.

Deaths. On Wednesday died, in the Liberty of the *Fleet*, aged 81, Sir *Matthew Jenisson*, Knt. formerly Member of Parliament for *Newark upon Trent* in *Nottinghamshire:* He died possessed of an Estate about 800 l. *per Annum*; and we hear he has been a Prisoner in the *Fleet* about four Years, for a Debt of 800 l.——On Wednesday died at *Hammersmith*, aged 84, Mrs. *Eleanor Estwick*, Relict of the late *Humphry Estwick*, Esq;

FOREIGN NEWS.

Hague, December 3.

WE have as yet no Answer from the Court of *France* to the new Proposals made by his *Britannick* Majesty and their High Mightinesses, in Consequence of the Emperor's late Declaration. What those Proposals are is a Secret past finding out, as is likewise the Contents of the last Dispatches sent to *Spain* on the same Occasion. According to our Letters from *Vienna*, his *Imperial* Majesty is determin'd not to discharge his Allies on any Conditions whatever from the Engagements they lie under to him, according to the Letter of all the late Treaties, as he reads them: And we hear that a certain Minister has hinted very plainly to Mr. *Walpole*, that his *Imperial* Majesty, desirous of Peace, and willing to take any Step for obtaining it, has thankfully accepted the Mediation propos'd; but that 'tis his Opinion, let the Maritime Powers employ what Method they please, in Hopes of effecting an Accommodation, they will find their Pains to no Purpose, unless they make Use of the *Ultima Ratio Regum*, and second their Rhetorick with Force of Arms. 'Tis certain, that his *Imperial* Majesty is making very great Preparations for continuing the War with Vigour, in case the pacifick Negotiations should miscarry, and for that Purpose has already form'd a Scheme for raising 30 Millions of Florins. The Emperor has also great Expectation of Assistance from the King of *Prussia*, it being no longer doubted, but that the Electors of *Bavaria*, *Cologn* and *Palatin*, are link'd with *France*, under the Pretence of Religion, to wrest the Succession of *Bergs* and *Juliers* from his *Prussian* Majesty. And further, nothing is more certain, than that *Italy* will see a *Russian* Army in the Spring, and not improbably in the Kingdom of *Naples.*

In short, as the *French* give it out in *Poland*, that they purpose to send a large Army early next Year into that Kingdom, the Court of *Russia* has taken Measures for having a Fleet of fixty Ships of the Line and twelve Frigates, besides Galleys, *&c.* in the *Baltick*, to oppose their Arrival: His *Czarish* Majesty is also augmenting her Forces with thirty Regiments of Foot and eight of Horse, and intends, in case of any Trouble from the *Turks* or *Tartars*, to draw all her Troops out of *Poland*; it being hop'd, that the Residence of King *Augustus* at *Warsaw* will win over such a Number of the *Stanislaist* Party, that the *Saxon* Troops will be sufficient of themselves to keep the rest in Subjection.

Hague, Nov. 15. N. S. It is impoſſible to raiſe the Glory of the *Eugenes*, the *Marlboroughs*, the *Bouffliers*, and the *Luxemburghs*, to a higher Pitch, than the Events of the laſt Campaign have done: Thoſe Great Men were never known to make the Miſtakes our modern Generals repeat without Bluſhing. The *Imperialiſts*, you know, paſſed the *Po* under *Coigny*'s Noſe; which made the late Marſhal *de Villars* ſay to him, *Dear* Coigny, *thou haſt dropt the Marſhal's Staff into the Po*; and gave the latter an Opportunity of anſwering him, *If you were not here, I would ſoon fiſh it up again:* He ſaid true; he got the Marſhal's Staff; but how came he by it? Was it for the Victory of *Parma*, or by his Credit at Court? You have had the Hiſtory of the *Camiſado* of the *Secchia:* You have heard of the famous Marſhal *de la Colonne*, whom Prince *George* of *Heſſe-Caſſel*, with 8000 Men, hindred from advancing in a Column to *Heilbron*, though he had 25,000 Men on the other Side of the *Rhine*. Laſtly, we have had the News of a *Cacade* that out-does all the reſt: The *French* (it ſeems) made a Shew of eſtabliſhing themſelves at *Worms*; the *Imperial* General prevents them, throws 6000 Men into the Town, ſends for ſome Cannon, and begins a Retrenchment. The *French*, who were all got into their Winter-Quarters, aſſemble again; 30,000 of them march towards *Worms*, and the *German* General withdraws his Troops without waiting for their Arrival. Either he ſhould not have gone thither at all; or he ſhould have been ſecure of maintaining himſelf there, becauſe he might be ſure the Enemy would not fail to do as they did. The *German* General reckoned perhaps, that he had nothing to do but to ſeize the Place; but the Count *de Belleiſle* was there; he has a Marſhal's Staff in View, which indeed he very well deſerves. Ought thoſe high Employs (upon which very often depend the Lives of ſo many Thouſands of Subjects, and ſometimes the Safety of the Nation) to be conferred according to Rank and Seniority, or to Merit and Capacity? If Cuſtom has prevailed in Favour of Seniority, be it ſo: Create *Lentulus* a Marſhal, becauſe he has been in the Service theſe 50 Years; but ſend him to plant Cabbages, becauſe he knows nothing of commanding; and create at the ſame Time *Æmilius* a Marſhal, who, though but of 20 Years ſtanding in the Army, has 100 Times the Capacity of the other, and may be entruſted with the Command of Armies, and the Fate of Nations. This Deciſion (in my Opinion) is dictated by Good Senſe and Equity: The ignorant Antients may criticize it; but the ingenious Moderns will prove it to be juſt and right.

Rome, Nov. 13. On the 11th Inſtant came an Expreſs from *Ferrara*, with Advice, that the *Imperialiſts*, rather than ſuffer their Horſes to ſtarve, had profanely carried off ſeveral Waggon-Loads of Hay from the Eccleſiaſtical Territories. The next Day came worſe News ſtill; to wit, that the Expreſs which was ſent from *Freſcinone*, with ſome Letters of great Importance, to *Benevento*, had been ſtopt by the *Spaniards*, and his Mail taken from him. It ſeems the Papal Miniſtry can't conceal their Chagrin at this laſt Act of Violence; tho' they give out to the People, that the *Spaniards* did not do it from any Motive of Suſpicion as to this Court, but to diſcover what Correſpondence is carried on in the Kingdom of *Naples* by the Partizans of the Houſe of *Auſtria*.

Frankfort, Nov. 28. The *French* continue to impoſe Contributions in all the Places adjacent to their Quarters: At *Treves* they exact a Supply of Surtout Coats and Feather-Beds: They demanded other Neceſſaries at *Rhingaw*, but the Inhabitants confiding in the Neighbourhood of the *Imperial* Troops, refuſed to comply: The Inhabitants of *Nieder-Ulm*, a large Town near *Mentz*, thought themſelves likewiſe ſecure, and deny'd to furniſh the Contribution requir'd; but the *French* General ſent a Detachment the next into the Town, and carried away all their Corn and Cattle, before the *Germans* could take the Alarm and prevent it.

Hague, December 3. The States of *Holland* aſſembled the 1ſt Inſtant. Beſides a Propoſal from the Emperor which they are to have under Conſideration, it is ſaid that they will take their final Reſolution upon two Millions propoſed to be raiſed for repairing the Fortifications of their Frontier Towns, and providing the Magazines with the neceſſary Stores. The Commiſſioners of the Admiralties are ſent for to take Directions for fitting out a certain Number of Frigates for the Security of the Trade in the *Streights*. There has been of late a Depatation from the Council of State to *Boiſleduc*, on a Project to build Sluices there, to prevent any Enterprize againſt that Town, by overflowing the Ground about it where it is acceſſible.

The Bruſſels Gazette *has the following Article.*

Hanover, Nov. 20. Upon Advice from Major-General *Pont-Pietin*, that the *Daniſh* Troops have taken the Quarters aſſign'd to thoſe of *Hanover* in the Country of *Fulden*, Orders have been ſent him to remove them thence by Force, if they will not go out quietly.

Frankfort, Nov. 28. Letters from *Mantua* bring Advice, that the Army of the Allies retired the 18th from the Banks of the *Oglio*, abandoning *Modena, Guaſtalla, Carpi*, &c. and were marched towards *Cremona:* That thereupon the *Imperial* Army paſſed the *Oglio*, and extended their Quarters, in order to give the Enemy Battle.

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